

"PREPARE FOR A RAINY DAY." DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' Umbrellas are all made on FOX'S Celebrated ELASTIC FRAMES. They are unequalled for Quality, Durability, and Price.—7, Swan St., New Cross, Manchester.

LAMB'S CHOPHOUSE AND RESTAURANT, 9, COOPER STREET,

At its junction with Bond Street and Princess Street.

CHOPS AND STEAKS FROM THE GRIDIRON IN THE LONDON STYLE. SOUPS, FISH, JOINTS, ENTREES, &c.

Spacious Smoke-room. Wines, Spirits, Cigars. TEAS provided from 4 to 8 p.m. 222


"TURKISH TOBACCO," Delicious Flavour and Aroma, 18s. and 21s. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.
"RIO SELLA," Eight for Half-a-Crown.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.
"PICKED LEAF BIRD'S EYE," 5d. per oz., 6s. 6d. per lb.—LAMB & CO., 20, Cross Street.

Vol. I.
No. 30.

CITY

JACKDAW

June 9,
1876.



H. WATKINSON DEL. & MANCHESTER

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ESTABLISHED
116 YEARS.

CLOCKMAKER TO HER MAJESTY'S BOARD OF WORKS.

KENT'S CELEBRATED WATCHES.

Gold Guards, Alberts, Rings, Brooches, Earrings, Lockets, &c. Silver and Electro-Silver.

701
DEANS_GATE.

UNION LOAN AND DISCOUNT CO. LIMITED,

8, ST. MARY STREET, DEANS_GATE.

Head Office, 13, Renshaw Street, Liverpool.

Branches—St. Helens, Runcorn, Birkenhead, and Manchester. Loans from £10 to £5000, on personal security, deeds of property, shares in public companies, &c. Advances can also be obtained to be repaid by monthly or quarterly instalments, or in one sum.—EDWIN HAMPSON, AGENT.

JOSEPH ORR & CO., Tailors & Boys' Clothiers,

Are Now Showing New Spring Patterns.

ALL WOOL 13s. TROUSERS IN GREAT VARIETY.

72, OLDHAM STREET, & 131, STRET福德 ROAD.

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Foreign Law Agency Offices.
6, WELLINGTON ST, STRAND, LONDON, W.C.

UNCLAIMED PROPERTY: It is not generally known but there are many millions sterling lying unclaimed both in Great Britain, America, India, and the British Colonies, left by persons dying either abroad, intestate, or without any known direct legal issue. Wills and all matters of record searched for and official copies obtained, also registers of births, marriages, and deaths; pedigrees compiled and all requisite evidence for substantiating the same procured; foreign law agency business, such as procuring copies of legal documents and making investigations respecting missing relatives in all parts of the world undertaken; procure our Index of Names; post free, 18 stamps.

NOTE.—Messrs. B. may be consulted daily upon all matters requiring confidence combined with experience. Private arrangements with creditors effected, avoiding bankruptcy, publicity, or suspension of business. Consultations free.

ESTABLISHED 1847.

**JOHN ROBERTS,
FASHIONABLE HATTER**

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HATS for Style.

HATS for Durability.

HATS for Cheapness.

CHRISTY'S SILK and FELT HATS.

UMBRELLAS; STRAW HATS, and CRICKET
CAPS in great variety.

SIBBERIN & HORABIN,

SUPPLY

HOUSE COALS

OF SUPERIOR QUALITY.

CLEAN, BRIGHT, AND ECONOMICAL IN BURNING.

Delivered at 10d. and 10½d. per Cwt.

Warehouses, public institutions, &c., can have favourable quotations on application.

Orders to Henry Sutcliffe, Bridgewater Chambers, 6, Brown Street; or to the Office, Longsight, Manchester.

ARCADE RESTAURANT,
65, MARKET STREET, AND 2, SWAN COURT.
NOW OPEN!
THE LUNCHEON BAR,
WHERE SANDWICHES, SOUPS, AND HOT AND COLD LUNCHEON MAY BE HAD FROM TEN A.M.

THE MOST ELEGANTLY FITTED DINING ROOM IN THE CITY.

Plate of Meat, Potatoes, Vegetables, and Bread, ad lib., 1s.; Sweets, 2d.; Cheese, 1d.

Splendid SMOKE and COMMERCIAL ROOMS, with all the advantages of SPIRIT, WINE, BEER, &c., LICENSES.

**A NEW IMPROVED AND VALUABLE
HIGH-PRESSURE BOILER,**
BY
MESSRS. G. PLANT & CO. LIMITED,
ALBION IRONWORKS, MILES PLATTING.

This day, by invitation, we visited the works of Messrs. G. Plant and Co. Limited, Hulme Hall Lane, Miles Platting. Mr. Plant, the managing director (late manager of the boiler department of Messrs. Galloway and Sons), kindly conducted us through the works, and lucidly explained the different processes in operation. The works are replete with the most modern machinery, many of them being specially designed for the purpose to which they are applied. On inspecting the different kinds of finished boilers, our attention was more particularly drawn to a boiler designed and patented by Mr. G. Plant, and made for Messrs. Henry Bender, Limited, Crown Corn Mills, Salford. The outside shell of this boiler measures 28ft. long by 7ft. diameter, and the flue consists of two fire-boxes, composed of rings welded longitudinally by a newly patented process, and joined transversely by steel hoops on the bridge-rail principle. These fireboxes unite into one combustion chamber of peculiar cross section, which contains 40 conical water tubes distributed over the whole length of the flue, and from the sides project eight semicircular water chambers, thus increasing both the strength and heating surface. The end-plates are turned up on their edges, and

afterwards both flue openings are cut out at once on a powerful machine specially designed for the purpose; the plates are then taken to a machine for drilling the rivet holes. The other plates composing the boiler are all planed on their edges by another machine. The longitudinal seams in shells are quadruple riveted, with covering strips inside and outside, thereby placing the rivets in double shear instead of single shear, as in the old method. All the riveting where practicable has been done by powerful hydraulic machinery of the most modern and approved construction. The end-plates are stayed by five gusset-plates, and two longitudinal stays run from end to end of the boiler. All the standpipes which receive the mountings are made of solid welded rings of Farnley iron, rolled specially for the purpose, and double-riveted to the shell, which is further strengthened by wrought-iron rings inside the boiler. The boiler appears to be an excellent piece of workmanship, not a particle of cast-iron being used in its construction, and it is intended to work at a pressure of 90lb. per square inch. Mr. Plant considers this boiler one of the most accessible for cleaning purposes yet devised, the importance of which cannot be over-estimated by steam-users.

MANCHESTER SKATING RINKS.

ALEXANDRA PARK AND HIGHER BROUGHTON.

PLIMPTON'S PATENT ROLLER SKATES.

Open Daily - - - Admission One Shilling.

Alexandra Rink: Wednesday Afternoon, Admission 2s. 6d., Skates included.

Broughton Rink: Thursday Afternoon, Admission 2s. 6d., Skates included

BAND, WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT ALEXANDRA RINK.

BAND, THURSDAY AFTERNOON AND EVENING AT BROUGHTON RINK.

FURNISH YOUR HOUSE FROM TOP TO BOTTOM

AT

S. BURGESS'S, COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER,

105, OXFORD STREET.

HOUSES COMPLETELY FURNISHED FROM £10 TO £60.

RIGBY & SON,
FURNISHING IRONMONGERS & GASFITTERS,
 15, PICCADILLY.

RIGBY & SON,
GAS CHANDELIERS, FENDERS, COAL VASES,
 15, PICCADILLY.

RIGBY & SON,
PLUMBERS AND GASFITTERS, BATHS, CUTLERY,
 15, PICCADILLY.

PERAMBULATOR MANUFACTURER.

PERAMBULATORS, Strong and Durable—Single, 18s. 6d.; Double, 22s. 6d.

WITH BRASS JOINTED HOOD—Single, 30s.; Double, 35s.

OLD PERAMBULATORS REPAIRED, RENOVATED, OR TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.
 THE TRADE SUPPLIED.

GEORGE SMITH, 159, ROCHDALE ROAD, MANCHESTER.

LLOYD, PAYNE, & AMIEL

Have the Largest assortment of

Dining and Drawing Room Clocks and Bronzes,

Suitable for Presentation.

EVERY DESCRIPTION OF JEWELLERY,

15 AND 18 CARAT GOVERNMENT STAMP.

Ladies and Gentlemen's Chains and Alberts.

CUTLERY AND ELECTRO-PLATE

FROM THE VERY BEST MAKERS.

HIGH STREET AND THOMAS STREET, MANCHESTER.

THE CITY JACKDAW:

A Humorous and Satirical Journal.

VOL. I.—No. 30.

MANCHESTER: FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1876.

[PRICE ONE PENNY.]

MR. MALCOLM ROSS.

For he was always considered
A most shupierior pershon.—*Lay of the Phairshon.*

MR. MALCOLM ROSS, as he was recently at pains to inform a meeting of his admiring countrymen in the Exchange dining-rooms, is a fervent admirer of the late Professor W. Edmonstone Aytoun, and had the pleasure during the lifetime of that genial humorist of close personal intimacy with him. We find in one of his late friend's most popular ballads the most apt description of Mr. Ross. He has been always considered "a most superior person." There is a common type of Scotchmen whose chief end in life is to be thought respectable. It is the boast of their calm, exclusive natures that they hold the *via media tutissima*, with a leaning to the preservation of things as they are, yet never committing themselves irredeemably to the side of the powers that be; professing a constant desire for steady gradual progress in everything, yet shrinking from any active participation in an uphill battle, and avoiding every appearance of compromising their characters for prudence by the perfervid advocacy of any embryotic principle, political or religious, which may want chivalrous help in its birth or early progress. Such men are intensely practical, and they have a worldly impatience of "ideas," and of "viewy" brethren. They are not the best or the noblest type of Scotchmen—neither on the one hand impulsive nor poetical, nor on the other stern and unbending in defence of principle. But they are of a common and doubtless useful type, which finds its perfect development among Glasgow men and travelling drapers. It is of such a class that Mr. Malcolm Ross is one of the best and most finely cultivated specimens in Manchester; and that being the case, we regard, as another proof of the eternal fitness of things, his election as Chief of the Manchester Caledonian Clanish Society.

Mr. Malcolm Ross crossed the border and came to Manchester in 1832, to represent in this city the firm of Oswald, Stevenson and Co., in whose house in Glasgow he had received a varied commercial education, which he has since put to good use. He is one of those successful men who owe their eminence almost entirely to their own perseverance, enterprise, and industry. As a proof of the changed condition of the Manchester trade since these days, we may mention that Mr. Ross and the late Mr. James Boyd—whose name it is difficult to recall without a sigh for the memory of one so generous, so honest, and so warm-hearted—in whose company he began his Manchester career, were accustomed to pack up with their own hands and despatch to Glasgow the small trusses of yarn that were then made up. After a few years he was admitted as a partner in the firm, which then assumed the style of Stevenson, Ross and Co. Still later the firm again changed its name, and became Ross, Boyd and Co. On the secession of Mr. Boyd it became Malcolm Ross and Co. It has since retained that designation, and Cromford Court for many years has been a friendly "howff" for kindly Scots. The respect which Mr. Ross gained by his shrewdness and probity in business has in several instances been conspicuously testified by his fellow-merchants. In the dark times which attended the cotton famine his firm was severely hit by the failure of numerous manufacturers to whom they had given large supplies of yarn. It was said at that time of one large yarn agent—not Mr. Ross—that at the beginning of the famine he set aside £50,000 as his probable loss, and he lost every penny of it in the year. Mr. Ross held almost undisputed sway at this time as chairman of bankruptcy meetings—creditors having great faith in his experience, and his native

shrewdness, capacity, and firmness. His rival was Mr. Abraham Howarth, and the unfortunate fellow-creditors who attended these meetings derive much satisfaction and amusement, now that these anxieties are overpast, in reflecting upon and contrasting the perk, bustling style and occasional irritability of the Scotchman with the calm good humour with which their local favourite pushed through the business of the meetings. Later, Mr. Ross was elected President of the Chamber of Commerce, where he distinguished himself by the length and rapidity of his speeches. It was averred by an old phonographer that Mr. Ross could get through a column of figures in twelve minutes, which, if ever accomplished, must have been a clever feat. He has for many years continued Treasurer of the Chamber, and is singularly imbued with the traditions of his office. At the opening of an annual meeting the disproportion of reporters to members is frequently almost equal to that of the musicians and the fighting tail in the Phairshon's army, which, the record tells us, consisted of four and twenty men, and five and twenty pipers; and on such an occasion to hear Mr. Malcolm Ross lament the decadence of spirit among the Manchester merchants is peculiarly edifying. He appears to regard the commercial directory as the legitimate basis of the membership of the society, and every spinner, manufacturer, or agent who holds aloof he holds a black sheep. The Chamber, he affirms, is the legitimate and only channel through which the commercial voice of Manchester should be heard, and when any interloper presumes to bleat through the columns of the daily newspapers, the Treasurer sees therein a distinct trespass on his manor, he sighs over a subscription possibly lost, and curses the anonymous scribbler by all his gods. When, to take a recent instance, "E. H.," of Victoria Park, lately wrote to the papers advocating the expediting of the continental mails, and succeeded, it was not without a pert protest from Mr. M. Ross, who said in the Chamber in effect that it was gross impudence in an outsider to interfere in any commercial public question. With two extremely useful, and in their kind we may almost say benevolent movements, Mr. Ross's name has been honourably identified. These are the shortening of the hours of warehousemen and clerks, and the provision of parks for the people. It will scarcely be credited by the rising generation of clerks in Manchester, who get off to their suburban lodgings by the five or six o'clock 'bus, that so late as 1863, the hour up to which packing and despatch for Liverpool was continued was midnight! Pale clerks lounged about half occupied during the long evening, and weary lurrymen and their much-abused horses cursed and stamped on the flags outside as dreary hours passed under incessant rain. The long hours were an absolutely useless waste of time, and were responsible for much physical and moral deterioration of young men. About this time, however, a successful effort was made, chiefly by letters in the columns of the *Examiner* and *Times*, to alter the carter's hour for Liverpool to eight o'clock, to which the time had been reduced for all other ports. In 1866 the agitation was renewed, and the newspaper assault on a stupid custom which literally enslaved thousands of men in Manchester, was succeeded by a brisk campaign of public meetings. Mr. Ross took an active part in this movement. On several occasions, at great personal inconvenience, he left his home at Smedley Hall to attend and preside at meetings in all parts of the city. The agitation received countenance from his support, and was successful in a satisfactory measure. The carter's day's work now closes at half-past six, and though there have been occasionally grumbings that even this is an hour too late, the change that has taken place in the condition of warehouse work in Manchester in these ten years is something wonderful. It is that

WILLIAM HAY, Tailor, Breeches, and Habit Maker, 46, Cross Street, Manchester (Practical Partner of the late firm of TROTTER & HAY, SUCCESSORS TO G. GARNER). W. H. caters for pure Gentlemanly Taste in Make and Material. Such Suits in Real Scotch and Saxony Tweeds, from 65s.

movement which the employes in shipping houses have mainly to thank for their emancipation, and the reasonable hours they now have. Formerly shippers' offices did not close till nine or ten o'clock, the day being thus unduly prolonged because the clerks had been necessarily idling for several hours in the afternoon and evening, while their principals were dining and dawdling at home, or at their clubs, preparatory to a few hours over their evening letters. In this respect the German houses were then and are now the worst sinners. The clerks in these houses, however, used to boast that they had one half-holiday in the week. Their late hours were entirely owing to the dilatory and unbusiness-like habits of their principals, and as the German gentry all made it a point of attending Hallé's concerts on Thursday nights, the young men got away as a privilege at half-past seven!

The work which Mr. Ross had previously done, in connection with Sir Edward Watkin and others, for presenting public parks to the community of Manchester and Salford was an effort dictated by similar motives—the desire to improve the social and sanitary condition of the people. It is perhaps too little known in Manchester that Peel Park, Queen's Park, and Philips Park, though managed by the Corporations of Manchester and Salford, were not originated by the municipalities. They were the gifts of a few benevolent and, in the highest sense, philanthropic citizens, among whom Mr. Ross held a place of which he may reasonably be proud. It may be remembered that when, a few months ago, Philips Park was threatened with extinction in connection with the proposal to transfer the gasworks to Bradford, Mr. Ross came forward in the newspaper columns, and by his championship of this agreeable and pleasant outlet for the toiling thousands of Ancoats gave powerful help to the cry for its preservation.

In politics Mr. Ross was for some time an unknown quantity, but he is supposed latterly to have gravitated towards Conservatism. Like most Scotchmen he began as a Liberal, but like many of his countrymen who pin their faith by the *Scotsman* and *Glasgow Herald*, and worship the memories of Adam Black and Dalglish, he has proved a spear that pierced the hand of any Liberal cause that leant very heavily upon him. It was with a sense of humiliation not unmingled with contempt that many of his brither Scots saw him at ward meeting after ward meeting in the memorable contest of 1857, when Manchester forgot itself by rejecting John Bright and Milner Gibson, ostentatiously preceding Sir John Potter and Aspinall Turner to the platform, and introducing them with obsequious fussiness to the meetings. It is said of Mr. Ross generally that he has never had any strong guiding principle except on the question of yarn, and this seems to have been particularly true of his political life. From the time when he so conspicuously obtruded himself in this contest, Mr. Ross's political degeneracy has been rapid. From Potter and Turner he graduated downwards through Edward James, and at last election is supposed to have voted for Powell. It has since been the boast on 'Change of the Ross clan that "every man of intelligence is a Tory, and that everybody in their warehouses (being seven, including the porters) had been taken up to the poll on behalf of Mr. Powell."

Mr. Ross is a "lapsed" Presbyterian. In Glasgow he was accustomed, with his father, to attend the Gaelic Church, which in the western Scottish metropolis supplied the spiritual needs of the semi-civilized hordes from Argyleshire and the Isles, which periodically recruit its growing population. For some time after settling in Manchester, like all other Scotchmen of the period, he became a disciple of the late Mr. Munro—as real a Scotchman and true blue a Presbyterian as ever wore a plaid, or subscribed his adhesion to the Westminster Confession. Mr. Ross continued a Presbyterian for many years, but he discarded his national religion like his native Gaelic, and went over to the Church of England. To leave Mr. Munro's—or as with that familiar fondness for diminutives, the use of which argues affection in a Scotchman, the congregation was called "Sandy Munro's"—was at one time a bold thing for a Caledonian, who had once committed himself, openly to do. But

Mr. Ross enjoyed an exceptional independence of position, as well as of spirit. He was not amenable to the influence of Messrs. Robert Barbour and Brothers, who for a quarter of a century were the guiding and ruling power in Grosvenor Square. His clients being in the far north, he could snap his fingers in triumph over the unlucky mishaps in business which attended other Scotch youths who wandered from Mr. Munro's fold, and more especially those who joined rival Presbyterian congregations. Mr. Ross was probably never a very intelligent Presbyterian—he is not supposed to be endowed with gifts such as might mark him out for the eldership, he did not want to build or maintain a kirk, and so with that shrewd eye to social success which has ever characterised him he made no secret that he consulted his convenience and his desire to get on in passing openly over to the Establishment.

Social success of a kind Mr. Ross has undoubtedly obtained. He is reputed the best after-dinner speaker among the minor diners out in Manchester. His witticisms and stories, and his genial garrulity over the walnuts and the wine are very charming—the first time you have heard him. But in these little efforts Mr. Ross obeys the natural instinct of parsimony. His neat and graceful remarks in proposing the "Host and Hostess" are readily adapted to varying circumstances, and if you happen to be in the same set you may hear it one evening at Higher Broughton, the next at Whalley Range, a third at Old Trafford, and so on, and with reasonable patience and careful listening, provided you have an ordinarily fair, or even fair middling memory, you may finally get the speech off by heart.

STANZAS FOR SHOPKEEPERS.

THE system of advertising has probably never been carried to a greater extent than it is at present, yet the amusing custom of inserting poetical announcements of the wares vended at particular shops appears to be dying out. The unknown bards, who were wont to sing the praises of Warren's blacking or the superiority of Moses' fashions, appear to have abandoned their lyres. We have, therefore, dashed off the following specimens of a style of literature in which the practical and imaginative may be happily blended. It will be observed that each example given is in the vein of a well-known author. An ambitious butcher might effectively commence his advertisement with this spirited adaptation from Tennyson's "Balaclava Charge":—

Half a leg, half a leg,
Half legs of mutton,
Going cheap at Brisket's shop
In Oxford Street, O!
Stormed all day by housewives wise,
Yet we never raise the price,
Giving aye the choicest slice
Of our prime meat, O!

Kidneys to right of them,
Sweetbreads to left of them,
Sheep's heads in front of them,
Well singed and sundered;
Flashed all the cleavers bare,
Flashed all at once in air,
Down on the broad countare,
While rivals wondered.

The popular song of "The sea, the sea, the open sea!" might easily be modified for the use of an enterprising grocer, thus:—

The tea, the tea, the half-crown tea!
The strong, the rich;
We sell as sich
The morning syrupy!
The tea, the tea, the two-bob tea!
Full, well refined;
You'll seldom find
A choicer sort at three!
The tea, the tea, etc.

For a fishmonger, whose customers have souls fitted to appreciate Byron, what could be better than the following stanzas?:—

"Gloria," 8 for 2s 6d. Best Havanna Cigars—really choice. Smokers' Requisites of every

Know ye the shop where the turbot and turtle
Are sold at the lowest of cost in their prime,
Where the crabs run about (they're so lively) and spurt all
That comes in their way, with the salt ocean slime,
Where the shrimps are so big they're mistaken for prawns,
Where the cheapness of haddock no one can dispute,
For each man, as soon as the rosy day dawns,
Our buyer at Billingsgate never is mute.

An aspiring young chemist and druggist might seek to enlist sympathy,
and at the same time solicit custom, by the following adaptation from

Moore:—
The errand-boy on his rounds has gone,
At the best house-doors you'll find him;
His hamper of drugs he has girded on,
And a bath-brush slung behind him.
"Lotion and squills," thought the physic youth,
Though all the world praise 'em,
"My work's so hard that, to tell the truth,
My wages they must raise 'em."
They raised his pay, but he could not brook
To lead a life of slavery,
So he hired a shop on his private hook,
And dressed it out with bravery.
"Patrons of lotion and squills," he'd sing,
"I hope you won't despise me;
You'll find the best of everything
If you'll only patronise me."

It is certainly a matter of doubt whether the severity of blank verse is suited to this species of advertising; but the subjoined modification of a well-known passage in "Hamlet" might commend itself to some tailor and clothier of Shaksperian proclivities:—

'Tis not alone from our top-coats, good public,
No, nor the well-abrunk tweed at two pound ten,
Nor trousers unsurpassed at seventeen six,
Together with our large and varied stock
Of well known bargains in the clothing line,
That you may judge us truly. There may be seen
In windows and by-doors, but there is that within
Surpassing all—A First-class Ulster Coat,
Of which the price is only one fifteen!

We may at some future time offer similar suggestions to other tradesmen, but these examples will suffice for the present.

REMEDIES FOR DEPRESSED TRADE.

THE Manchester world seems to be in frightful tribulation at the present depressed state of trade, and it is somewhat strange that nobody except Mr. Hoyle has attempted a fair solution of the difficulty. When the cotton famine raged in Lancashire, the operatives who were out of work at once set out to distant towns and villages as tramps, and realised quite a princely competency by singing, "We're all the way from Manchester, and we've got no work to do." Now, why can't some of the great firms of Manchester set a similar example? The fact of the matter is that at present there is as great a famine in Lancashire as there was during the America war—that is, at least, as far as the employers are concerned. Can't the directors of the Manchester Exchange take the road first? Can't they get a lot of enterprising young merchants, who haven't a leg commercially to stand upon, to follow them into distant parts of England, Scotland, and Wales, and if their profits from such peregrinations turned out to be too large for their immediate wants, couldn't they forward the surplus back to Manchester to form a fund for the relief of old cotton spinners and manufacturers out of work? This system of relief admits of infinite variety. There is a frightful amount of rough cotton in stock in Manchester which if put in use would be bound to reduce stocks. Everybody we hear of is over the line as far as business arrangements are concerned. Couldn't this cotton be utilised by a general public in the way of stopping their ears, so as to exclude the general lamentations which are to be heard on every side? Then again, couldn't the clergy of the established church go in for wearing more surplices? and mightn't the washerwomen and laundresses be asked to give an extra squeeze to the shirts as they are sent through the wringing machine, and an extra heat to the iron before it is passed over the shirt

breast? In short, wouldn't it be a good thing for some of the cloth manufacturers to make a raid on the ready-made clothing establishments, and to keep a body of roughs to tear up decent people's clothing as they wander through the public streets? As an *ultimatum*, wouldn't it be a good thing for the Hospital Sunday Fund Committee to put the whole force of their organisation in play in order to get up a fund for the relief of distressed cotton operative employers? No doubt Messrs. Jennison, at Belle Vue, Mr. Lever, at Manley Hall, and the theatres would give them a benefit.

THE NEW GRAMMAR SCHOOL SCHEME.

THERE are one or two clauses in the new Grammar School scheme which the daily papers have not noticed. It is provided—

That no boy under twelve shall be allowed to smoke before evening.

That no boy shall be allowed to swear before he has been in the school a year.

That such expressions as "old buffer," "boss," "screw," "pen-wiper," when used in respect to the Head Master or any of the under masters, shall entail upon the boys using them severe punishment.

That no boy shall be allowed to draw caricatures of the governors during their visits.

That no pitch and toss will be allowed for more than halfpennies.

That any boy pinning paper to the coat-tail of the Head Master will be expelled the school.

That any exhibitioner marrying his grandmother's sister or uncle's aunt shall forfeit his exhibition.

STREET PREACHING.

IF Saint Paul could come to Manchester nowadays, unquestionably he would take up his position on the Infirmary flags, and under the shelter of the great Wellington deliver his discourses to the multitude. No place in the city forms such an admirable coign of vantage from whence to address an assemblage, and yet, strange to say, the few great preachers of whom Manchester can boast are content to hide their lights under a bushel, to preach in small crowded places of worship, and to leave the masses unheeded. Why couldn't the Bishop of Manchester put aside the orthodox traditions of an established church, and go in for street preaching? His lordship is awfully fond of quoting Paul; example is better than precept, even with a bishop. Let the Bishop but once announce that he is prepared to deliver a sermon on the Infirmary flags, and he will be assured at once of a congregation such as could not be packed into a dozen places of worship. The striking effect of such an open-air religious demonstration is obvious. People abstain from going to churches because they, rightly or wrongly, think they have not a right to seats in them; but such an argument could not hold good if the preachers of the city went into the Piccadilly highway and spoke to the people as they passed by. Already, on Sunday evenings, congregations assemble on the flags to hear "street preaching." But of what class? No doubt it comes from earnest men, but they lack the power to deal with a mixed audience, because too often there is a shallowness in the arguments behind their "gift of the gab," which arises from not being thoroughly well versed in religious controversies. Sunday night after Sunday night an earnest street preacher—a sort of cross in appearance between Mr. Henry Pitman and Dr. John Watts—struggles manfully on the Infirmary flags with certain phases of unbelief; but he lacks that popular style of oratory which make so acceptable to the masses the utterances of men like the Bishop of Manchester and Mr. Wm. Birch; and when he ventures upon disputations with his hearers he doesn't always come off the best. Street preaching may be regarded by many as a sort of "ranter's demonstration." Let the Bishop of Manchester, the Dean, and the Rev. Knox Little associate with Mr. Wm. Birch, and they may be able to lead to open-air preaching, a dignity which might recommend it to thousands who never take the trouble to go to places of worship.

description, at 66, Market Street, and 32, Victoria Street. T. WITHECOMB, Proprietor.



WHAT FOLKS ARE SAYING.

THAT it was too bad to send so many young children to the procession on Wet-Monday, with nothing on their heads but muslin.

That the parents deserved muzzlin' for it.

That a German Jew, without meaning any irreverence, was kicked out of the Manchester Cathedral, on Monday, for remarking "It was a fine sermon—by Gott."

That the young ladies of Eccles are in ecstasies at the prospects of a skating-rink being opened—where they can air their rinklets.

That the hairdressers will reap the advantage.

That most people in Whit-week go to Belle Vue to enjoy—Danson, the painter.

That drinking tea at Belle Vue accounts for the caper-ing of some of the Lancashire folks on the dancing-board.

That a well-known teetotaler, who went to the Isle of Man per steamer by Liverpool, enjoyed himself so much that he had to be brought back by—Barrow.

That the suspended relieving officer of the Chorlton Board of Guardians has to thank an old member of the Board for Cutting him down—and giving him another trial.

That the Board, at their last meeting, discussed the question of going in for a new clock—on tick.

That at the Jewish Board of Guardians, the other day, a reporter asked a Jew what was his Christian name.

That most of the professional attenders at the races have lately been studying Rough's "Guide to the Turf."

That the Colts who will play in the cricket match at Old Trafford, on Friday and Saturday, are a wicked lot.

That they are splendid at shying—up the ball.

That the latest thing in the way of hydrophobia is a threepenny—bit.

That the correspondent in the *Examiner* who objects to its being said that vegetarians live on cabbages alone, hit the right s-nail on the head.

That it would be well if he went in for some (cabbage) stump orations.

NAMES FOR THE TOWN HALL.

A CORRESPONDENT in the *Examiner* suggests that the Town Hall in Albert Square ought to be called the "Mare's Nest;" another thinks the "Herony" would be preferable. Sir Joseph, who has just started for his holidays, left us the following suggestions, before leaving Manchester, in the way of titles:—

"The Aldermanic Snug."

"The Speculating Building Society's Directors' Retreat."

"You Pays Your Money—you ratepayers—Hall"—and you haven't any choice.

"The Hall of All the Ability of Manchester."

"Alderman Heywood's Hobby"—at our expense.

"The Centre of Wit and Humour." (This comes from Mr. Fox Turner.)

"Gag Hall." (This comes from Mr. Griffin.)

BLACK CARE.

Post equitum sedet atra cura.

HE is the most familiar sprite,
He's busy night and day—
A sort of mental parasite
That won't be scared away.
He lurks in each familiar act;
Avoid him as he may,
The wisest never had the tact
To drive black care away.

It does not matter though the scene
With every brightness glow,
Black care is somewhere there, I ween,
The cloven foot to show.
He lurks abroad, he lurks at home,
And none can say him nay;
He is an all-pervading gnome,
And won't be sent away.

He's here and there and everywhere,
An aggravating thing;
And when you think you're free from care,
He's always in full swing.
You fancy that the tiresome imp
Has left you now for aye;
You're wrong, he does but only limp,
And soon your side he's by.

You cross the seas, and vainly try
To leave black care behind;
He's active under every sky,
As to your cost you'll find.
The only act that will relieve
From care's eternal prank
Is just to cross the Styx, and leave
Him grinning on the bank.

A NEW MODE OF ADVERTISING.

MR. BANKS, the photographer, of Market Street Chambers, has just patented a new mode of advertising, which we heartily recommend to the public. On Whit-Monday, from the exalted height of his studio in Market Street, he showered upon the passing Sunday-school procession a perfect host of address cards, and as the multitude from below struggled vigorously to obtain copies, he chuckled to such an extent that one of the young ladies in his establishment threatened to throw a negative at his head if he wasn't more circumspect. But this wasn't all. The procession having passed, many of Mr. Banks's neighbours became envious of his success, and tried to vie with him. The result was that a terrible crowd assembled immediately in Market Street, beneath the *City Jackdaw* office windows, and the new mode of advertising was put into practice with a vengeance. Mr. Withecomb, the tobacconist, from an exalted position at the corner of Brown Street, began a cannonade on the crowd with cigars and meerschaum pipes; from the establishment of Mr. Henry Barton, the printer, the printer's devils began to throw leaden type; while Messrs. Richards and Co.'s tailors resorted to dropping their thimbles on

E. JAMIESON & Co., Fashionable Tailors.—Business Suits £1. 12s., Scotch Tweed Suits £2.

the astonished heads of the crowd below. Altogether a scene of unparalleled confusion arose; and as an occasional original joke was sent forth on a sheet of paper from the window of the *Jackdaw*, the fun was kept up for a considerable time, until Captain Kirwin, with a determined detachment of police, made an ascent to the regions from whence the new mode of advertising was being promoted, and warned Messrs. Banks and Co. that if they persisted in entertaining the public in the way they were doing he would have to order the police to clear the crowd from below, so that they might not break the fall of any of the offenders—if they were thrown into the street.

"RINK, RINK, BEAUTIFUL RINK!"

SIGHED a maid of lovely form,
"Rinking is a pleasure
Which should take the world by storm
If the world has leisure.

"Tis entrancing still to feel
Rinkers rushing gladly,
On the flying toe and heel,
Whirling, whirling, madly —"

Sudden slip—the maid is down!
"Indecent?" not at all—
Spite of Plimpton of renown,
The best must have a fall.

Injured spine and broken bones
Are the rinker's pleasure;
At such trifles no one groans,
So join the whirling measure.

WHIT-WEEK IN TOWN.

[BY OUR MAN IN THE STREET.]

FRRIEND of mine, who is the perfection of neatness and a slave to every whim of fashion, whose boots are a mirror and hat is dazzling in its brilliancy, and who would faint if he discovered a smirch on his snow-white shirt-front, is in the habit of spending his Saturday afternoons in bed, because he is afraid to face a Saturday afternoon's crowd of country people, who, he says, take a delight in jostling the people they meet, disarranging their dress and treading upon their toes to the injury of their boots—and the gloss on my friend's boots is a matter of life and death. I have missed him this week entirely, although I know that he has not been out of town, and my profound impression is that he has spent the week in bed cursing the custom which fills the city during Whitsun-week with visitors. I should have enjoyed walking up Market Street with him on Monday morning. Kicked, trod upon, splashed with mud, now jammed against a wall and then between two muddy rowdies, his dandy little umbrella torn, his hat the target of an army of orange-peel shooters conveniently seated in the windows overlooking the street, he would, I daresay, have rushed—no, he never rushes, he never gets beyond a drawing pace—into the first hotel we reached, taken the room furthest from the street, and shut himself up for a week, sending for his tailor, hatter, hosier, and bootmaker in the meantime to restore him to his usual exquisite condition. I did walk up Market Street on Monday morning as far as Withecomb's—or, rather, I squeezed myself so far—and my tobacco cost me considerably more than the sum I paid over the counter for it. But then I am not a man of fashion. My hat was not worth much; my umbrella will serve my purpose when it has been repaired; and when my boots and trousers are clear of mud I shall not despise them. And the crush was rather enjoyable than otherwise; the people were all good-humoured, and I could not consider myself a martyr when I found myself jammed against Moss's window accidentally embraced by a buxom country lass, and with the laughing cheek of another on my shoulder.

We, the crowd, were all agreed about one thing. We all pitied the poor straggled, soaking children, and condemned in no measured terms the

inhumanity which permitted the little things to suffer a drenching, and possibly something more serious, when there was nothing to gain and everything to risk. The women were particularly outspoken in their remarks, and would have startled the promoters of the procession if they could have got near their ears. They would not believe, warm-hearted creatures! that the children would be taken to the Cathedral, and forced to sit for an hour or more in their wet clothes. But they were only unreasoning women; they had no idea of the importance of carrying out the festival to the end, in spite of the rain, hail, or snow.

REJECTED CONTRIBUTION.

INSPIRATION.

[BY A BUMPTIOUS POET.]

I HAVE an irresistible temptation to compose;
I feel that I could polish off a sonnet, if I chose,
That would distance all competitors, and knock them out of time,
With its beauty of expression and the choiceness of its rhyme.
'Tis half the battle when you feel you haven't got to pump
Your thoughts unto the surface, but just find them in a lump,
Available for present use, and ready to your fist—
In fact, no better state of things could possibly exist.

I feel a sort of pity for my toiling fellow-bard
When thus myself I'm capable of writing by the yard;
My brain is full of notions, till I fear that it will burst
Before I can decide on which to utilise the first.
There's a joy in inspiration which the bard alone can know—
It is the greatest gift of all that nature can bestow;
The common, unromantic mind can never understand
How a fine poetic frenzy makes the bosom to expand.

There's nothing which the glories of creation can enhance
Like a ray of inspiration, or a halo of romance;
Last night I was awakened by a pussy cat that mewed,
'Twas the most enchanting music when poetically viewed;
There is nothing to the poet that will ever come amiss—
The beauty of poetical existence it is this.
As a priceless sort of privilege I always shall regard
The boon that was conferred on me by nature as a bard.

[This poet has had enough space allotted to him.—Ed.]

"SCENES" AT THE BRADFORD LOCAL BOARD.

ONE of the great qualifications of a member of a local board is that he shall be able to make a "scene" when necessary. Of course there are scenes and scenes. Some scenes are for the amusement of the public, others for the benefit of the ratepayers. A Mr. Hamilton, of Bradford, is the very embodiment of a perfect member of a local board. He seems to think that the essential part of his functions is to teach reporters what is their duty; and, knowing something of reporters, we most heartily sympathise with him in his endeavours. At a recent meeting of the board in question, Mr. Hamilton rushed to arms in defence of the rights of members, and "maintained, without fear of contradiction, that there never were more peaceable meetings than those they had had at Bradford since he came on the board," and yet, notwithstanding that fact, that vagabond of a reporter connected with the *Ashton Reporter* would insist upon putting upon his placards, "Another uproarious meeting: another scene at the board." Everybody seems to have agreed with Mr. Hamilton in his assertions, except the reporter of the *Ashton Reporter*, and his pluck is worthy of admiration. He chaffed Mr. Hamilton to such an extent in an open board meeting, that positively, to put it mildly, a "little scene" took place, which might justify anybody else than Mr. Hamilton and his friend in placing a line on a newspaper placard—"Another great scene at Bradford Local Board." Mr. Hamilton so far carried out his instructions that he ventured to say that if in Ashton they couldn't sell their papers without "that sort of thing, he would write to the editor to send a civil reporter." Mr. Hamilton apparently has little experience, otherwise he would know that it is just as difficult to get "a civil reporter" as it is to elect an intelligent member of a local board—at any rate in

All Goods thoroughly shrunk by a new process.—275, CHAPEL STREET, SALFORD.

Bradford. But the matter doesn't end here. There's a Mr. Bedson on the board, and he comes to Mr. Hamilton's rescue. Why, will it be believed, some of the papers in Manchester have actually condescended to describe the form of his nose (it's a pity he's not a Jew, for then the trouble would have been saved) and the pattern of his trousers (thank goodness, nothing was said as to their price). But Mr. Bedson is a man of the world; he took no notice of this description, and no doubt the Manchester newspapers will let him alone. We think, in the main, it would be wise for the *Ashton Reporter* to do the same; but the task is difficult, for if only the most distant attempt is made to report the doings of the Bradford Local Board, inevitably, whatever the headings may be, the general public must say, "Another scene." We should like to see Mr. Hamilton down at the *Jackdaw* office, for we cannot help thinking he would be an exceedingly welcome addition to our comic staff, the qualification for which is to look intensely solemn, and to say funny things without meaning to do so. We've ordered our publisher, at any rate, to put him on the free list.

SERMONS IN VEGETABLES.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

ON A PUMPKIN.

THERE are pumpkins and pumpkins, some of which are good to eat and some are not, or at all events there are some which people do not eat. I have in my mind's eye some pumpkins which we used to eat boiled, in company with salt beef in Australia. They are the same sort, I think, out of which the famed American pumpkin pies are made. We used to make pies of them in Australia, and very excellent they were in that form, as in the other I have mentioned. Another thing about these Australian pumpkins, of which I shall write no more almost immediately, is that they are extensively consumed in England in the shape of jam, purporting to be made of strawberries, currants, gooseberries, or what not, and also in the guise of orange marmalade. How the flavouring and colour is put into them I do not know, not being in the secret of the trade, but I do know, having eaten many pots of it, that it is very good, and, as far as that goes, quite as palatable and wholesome as if it were what it professed to be. He that eats pumpkins and is not aware that they are pumpkins, let him not know it, and he is just as well off as the man who feasts on strawberries, which is good philosophy, though it may be bad morality. It was not, however, on these tricks of trade that I was about to moralise, but on the effect produced on my mind by the sight of a pumpkin lying among some cabbages and other matter in a green-grocer's shop. It was one of those pumpkins which, to the best of my belief, are not good to eat, but are, nevertheless, pretty to look at, their rind being traversed by longitudinal strokes of green and yellow. I believe they are not esteemed as edible, and, indeed, I never heard of anybody eating them; still, however, there was the pumpkin exposed for sale, and it struck me that it was the symbol of a wasted human life. I knew the story of that pumpkin, which I will try to tell as briefly as possible. It is hard to say whether Nature intended it to be a vegetable marrow or not—which, by-the-by, is an excellent vegetable. The evidence on the one side is that it grew on a vegetable marrow plant. On the other it must be owned that if Nature were consistent she would have found some other way of feeding bees than there is at present. For the bees, roaming from one flower to another, crossing from a pumpkin to a vegetable marrow flower, or *vice versa*, collect much honey, and carry with them, sticking to their wings and feet, some of that yellow dust called pollen, which is found in abundance in those species of flowers. Now, be it borne in mind that all the flowers of the vegetable marrow, as of the pumpkin, are as barren until brought together as human beings of opposite sexes. The bees, and the winds of heaven, and some other things which we call accidents, are the persons to perform the marriage ceremony. Only it happens, through something that looks like an

omission in the scheme, that indiscriminating bees and other insects join together in wedlock the race of pumpkins and marrows, and the result is many spoilt hybrids, handsome indeed to look at for the most part, but of no use in their generation. A philosopher among bees would doubtless pool-pooch any complaint which might arise, and say that the universe and its pumpkins was made for bees and their delectation. Even the human student, perhaps taking larger views, will see the necessity in Nature's working for many spoilt vegetable marrows, for many wasted lives. There are influences as unknown to men now as the propagation of the flowers once were, which beset human beings here and there, and sway their lives. That there are such influences who can doubt? Nor is it fatalism to say it. Cunning gardeners nowadays take the work of the bees and the winds into their own hands, thereby producing endless varieties of tint and shape in flowers and fruit. The flower that left alone would have been ugly may by the utilisation of Nature's simple recipe be made beautiful. When we have learnt how to bring similar principles to bear on humanity and its struggles—which are governed by natural laws equally with the flowers and the fruits—then the millennium will be upon us. Those who have not understood the drift of the above discourse would probably not be enlightened were I to prolong it through many pages.

MY FATHER.

MY father was, or might have been—
It's all the same—a prince;
He died when I was seventeen—
I've mourned him ever since—
That is, I might have mourned his fate
With sorrow persevering,
But truth compels me now to state
That he was always beering.

In one who was, or might have been,
A prince, as I have said—
It's all the same—it was, I mean—
No matter, he is dead.
I weep for him—that is, I should—
But still to truth adhering,
I cannot mourn now, though I would,
For he was always beering.

This conduct in a man who might,
Or was—but never mind—
I say that it was scarcely right,
But would not be unkind.
In early years I understood—
'Twas taught me in my rearing—
That father never did no good
With that eternal beering.

What though he was, or might have been—
But never mind, he's dead—
He died when I was seventeen,
As I before have said.
My memory is growing dim,
But still that trait endearing
Is all that sticks to me of him,
That he was always beering.

AN OLD BIRD.

NEIGHBOUR MUDHOUSE was always regarded by me and his other neighbours as a man of unimpeachable integrity. We were not on familiar terms, but I looked upon him at a distance as an eminently respectable man; and when, on Saturday, he played such an extremely low card on me, I grieved less at my misfortune than at the straying of another good man. He keeps fowls; so do I, and the male bird in my little collection, having thrashed Neighbour Mudhouse's cock, coolly forsook his own loving wives and took up his abode in Mudhouse's roost; thereupon I determined to slaughter the faithless one, and cook him for the Sunday's dinner. But Mudhouse coveted him, and he proposed that we should make an exchange, and that I should kill and eat his bird instead of my own. He assured me that it was not twelve months old

and unrespectfully I agreed to swop. I boiled that bird for three hours, and then gave it up, as I could not even then get a fork within a yard of it, and my family and a hungry visitor had to take refuge for the day in the vegetarianism. Twelve months! That bird, I find on inquiry, has been well known in our street for nearly twelve years. It required a powerful wrench to sever a leg from the body, and this dainty bit I sent to the Mailhouse with a little sauce and my compliments. From that day the Mailhouse and I became two people; the same side of the street is no longer wide enough for us to walk upon; we still live in the same terrace, but we are far as the poles asunder.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

[BY A LOVER OF NATURE.]

IT was a hippopotamus—
Its habits graminivorous;
I wonder how it comes to pass
So large a beast should feed on grass.

No doubt the entrails of the beast
Were framed that he on grass might feast,
Just as some people say that man
Should be a vegetarian.

But this I know, that even though
My own inside were fashioned so—
A thing which I will not admit,
Though folks are always saying it—

I say that even if I knew
That man was fashioned herbs to chew,
Although I would not be a glutton,
I still should stick to beef and mutton.

But never mind the human grub,
We'll leave it now, for every tub
Should stand on its own bottom, I
Forget the hippopotami.

This is the plural, most correct,
And can be used with best effect;
The awkwardness avoided thus is
Of saying hippopotamuses.

The derivation, if you seek,
You'll find it's taken from the Greek;
There's *hippo*, "horse," and *potamus*,
Which "river" means, you have it thus.

It must have seemed a curious freak
Of nature to the ancient Greek,
As also it must seem to us,
That beasts should be amphibious.

That Greek must still have been a wag
To call that clumsy beast a nag,
Which to the river does resort
To dive and swim and plunge and snort.

These are in brief the creature's ways,
Except when it comes out to graze;
The likeness, when you see it grazing,
Unto a horse is not amazing.

Although I never shot 'em, I
Am told that hippopotami
Have got a dense and scaly skin,
Which will not let a bullet in.

Nature abhors phlebotomy,
And so do hippopotami;
And hence the thickness of the hides,
Which nature for those beasts provides.

Now, why a river-horse's skin
Should be so thick, and man's so thin,
I do not know—but space exacts
That I should pause, and stick to facts.

But I'm unable to unfold
More facts than I've already told,
And as I haven't got 'em, I
Will leave the hippopotami.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RACQUETS.

To the Editor of the "Jackdaw."

Sir,—I thank you for your friendly article on the opening of our Racquet Club in last week's *Jackdaw*, but I trust you will allow me to correct one important mistake into which you have fallen. The game is not necessarily an expensive one, though, like all others, it may be made so. After incurring the necessary first cost of buying a racquet and a pair of shoes, your bill will rarely come to more than tenpence or one shilling per hour. The hire of the courts is, for members, sixpence per hour each, when four are playing, and the number of balls used during that time seldom exceeds ten or twelve at twopence each, the cost of which is, of course, divided amongst the players. I call the mistake an important one, because we are still in need of members; and I fear your remarks as to the expensive nature of the game will have a tendency to prevent gentlemen from joining us.—I remain, yours truly,

Eccles, June 1st.

V. K. ARMITAGE, Hon. Sec.

THE WHIT-MONDAY PROCESSION.

To the Editor of the "City Jackdaw."

Sir,—Will you allow me to make a few remarks on this annual event, which, rightly or wrongly, causes so much excitement among the public, and so many columns of description in the newspapers? I am one of those, and I believe them to be many, who object to this procession, not only as useless, but often as a pernicious display. It is to me an objectionable thing that a number of children should be encouraged or made to go on a weary pilgrimage through the streets, the main result being the raising of an unhealthy excitement among adults, sober or otherwise, and the blocking up of all principal thoroughfares for several hours. That neither actors in nor spectators of the scene gain any real benefit from it there are large numbers of people who believe, and as the origin of the custom may be on fair grounds, traced to religious rivalry between various sects and creeds, this is another serious ground of objection. There are scarcely any arguments against the retention of Knot Mill fair, as an institution, which could not be urged with equal force against this customary Whitsuntide festival. The fact is that Manchester people know so little what to do with themselves on a holiday that any excuse, however trivial or monstrous, is eagerly seized on by them for being gregarious. No less interesting ceremony, as a matter of fact, could be invented than the procession of school children, even on a fine day. The banners are tawdry, the children commonplace and spiritless, the bands of so-called music atrocious in the selection and execution of the tunes which rend the air. I maintain that there is less excuse for the retention of this absurd and obnoxious custom than there was for that of Knot Mill fair, where at least there was some amusement going. So much for the general view of the question. We now come to that of the benefits got by the children either in wet weather or dry. Now, what material benefit children can get by walking along the street, and being stared at like a lot of wild beasts, I will leave to the imagination. Some children are, of course, fond of excitement, and this, in default of any other, is not unpleasant to them; but the results are essentially degrading and wearisome even in fine weather, a point to which I have alluded. But how about weather like that of last Monday? Are the public to be humoured so far every year that their ridiculous yearning for excitement cannot be disappointed of the sight of a lot of miserable children, soaked, bedraggled, and muddy, tramping over the town for show? I will answer for it, that half of the children who paraded the streets last Monday, whether considered old enough or not to sit for two hours in church in their wet habiliments, had no change of clothes to put on during the day. Yet it was found impossible to put off this procession, because, forsooth, it is an annual custom, and the public look for it, and the children are supposed to enjoy it. Children may, perhaps, enjoy tramping in puddles, with feet shod in leather which is usually none of the best; but they don't enjoy illness when it comes, nor do the parents feel any enjoyment at paying the doctor's bills or getting relief from medical charities. Looked at all round, this question seems to be one which the clerical gentlemen, whose names figure so conspicuously in the newspapers in connection with it, might consider from a fresh point of view.—Apologising for this long letter, I am, sir, yours, etc.,

ICONOCLAST.

HINTS ON MAKING POETRY.

[BY OUR OWN POET.]

SOME verses in last week's number, by "An Exhausted Poet," entitled "Rhyme Without Reason," moved me to the sad reflection that all my efforts had been thrown away on that poet at all events. It is a curious thing that after all I have said and suggested, one of my most promising pupils should deliberately begin at the wrong end of the stick, and then grumble because he comes to grief. If there is one precept which I have tried to convey more than another it is this—that the poet should work from ideas and not words, and that if the idea is worth anything, the words will come. Now, this poet seems to be under the impression that words are everything, and from them he tries to toil back to an idea, the only conclusion he arrives at being that his head is empty. Having wasted his time in arriving at this amount of self-knowledge in an excessively roundabout manner, he then sets to work to write on that essentially dull theme. He finds then that everything goes swimmingly, and I must say that he carries out his idea of empty-headedness in a very satisfactory manner. What I would have the poet do, however, is to take his subject, and go at it at once without nibbling round about it, taking any words or rhymes he can set as he goes along. Supposing a contributor to this journal to be troubled with a sense of his own emptiness—a thing which will not happen often, by-the-by, whatever might be the justification thereof—let him take that empty-headedness, or incapacity, or whatever he may call it, as a subject if he can find no better, and write verses thereon, but let him not find fault either with lines, rhymes, Muse, or anything else, but bemoan his own deficiencies in a straightforward manner; let him throw away the fiction of being exhausted, for if a man has any poetry in him he only requires a subject, and then he can hold forth at all times. But it may be urged how can a man start with the idea that he is a fool, and write poetry thereon? The answer is very simple. The proposition, "I am a fool," is as good and sensible as any other which may be amplified by the poet. Take, for instance, "The grass is green," "The sky is blue," "The stars are bright," and hundreds of other similar simple propositions, which are, I take it, the root of all poetry; they are none of them deeper or more comprehensive than this one, "I am a fool." Add to this that the poet has the chance of proving, by his manner of treating the question, that he is not such a fool as he looks, at all events. Supposing some poet could satisfactorily prove that grass was not green, the sky not blue, etc., what a sensation his works would create! I am not advocating this kind of subject, mind you, but merely take it because it suggests itself. Let the poet then begin boldly:—

I am a fool, I know I am.

Now, having gone through it all myself, I suggest alterations, and that a good rhyme for "am" is not easy to find; but the learner is chock full of poetry after all those instructions, and goes off at a great pace:—

I am a fool, I know I am,
I wish that I were not.

And here he stops, and I remark that it is much better to stick to facts, and that wishing never mended matters; so he begins again:—

I am a fool, I am, I know,
I know I am a fool;
My parents always hinted so
Before I went to school.

Now, this is an improvement, and there is a certain method and neatness about it. Let the poet continue:—

My mother, 'twas a grief to her,
My father was forlorn;
My brains (if any) addled were
When I their child was born.

From this it may be gathered that a fool, like a poet, is born and not made; but the pupil is getting on:—

I never had a bit of sense,
I always was a fool;
My parents went to great expense
In sending me to school.
At great expense they sent me there,
And squandered half their gains;
The schoolmaster was soon aware
That I had got no brains.

In consequence of this defect
I nothing learnt at school,
Though I was flogged I recollect,
And stood upon a stool.
My head had nothing got inside,
As that preceptor knew,
But still he used to scourge my hide
Till it was black and blue.

This poet is really making out a very circumstantial case for himself; but there is only space for a final effort:—

And now a perfect fool I roam
The world, and pass for wise,
For I have learnt to look at home,
Though others have no eyes.
I am, as I have said before,
A fool, upon the whole;
No matter, there are plenty more,
A thought that must console.

It is too bad to wind up in that way, but, on the whole, the effect is pretty satisfactory, and the treatment of the subject shows unity of design. I may take another example next week.

THEATRE ROYAL.

IT is like old times to find the Theatre Royal again crowded, the comedies again played, and some at least of the old familiar faces whose names are synonymous with good acting, and good plays appearing before us upon the stage. Compton and the Chippendales preserve at least the savour of the old Haymarket Company. In spite of failing powers, the traces of which we are not so prone to observe as some of our younger critics, Mr. Chippendale is still the most painstaking, the mellowest, the testiest, the fondest, the most impetuous, the most irascible, the most dignified, the proudest, or the gayest old gentleman on the stage. He belongs to an old stock of genuine actors, whom to see for a young actor an education. If he had never played at all, but only had educated a favourite pupil in Mrs. Chippendale, his life would still have been well spent. It is difficult to think of Mrs. Chippendale in any other character than Mrs. Candour, or Mrs. Malaprop, or the Widow Green, or Mrs. Hardcastle. She seems born for her parts, so naturally does she fit into them. Wherever she appears, whatever the shortcomings of the actors and actresses around her, the scene becomes real, and we forget the mimic stage. Her by-play is incessant and expressive. Even when she repose she speaks. Her chief characteristics are breadth and consummate ease. She drops, apparently at random, hints suggestions and innuendoes which no other woman dare utter, and defies offence. Take again Mr. Compton. Place him before the footlights alone, and ask him to pull his face. He will convulse you with laughter. Yet he is one of the most scholarly and gentlemanly of actors. Nobody has worked harder on the stage than he has done, upholding in his time many parts. Yet we never think of him as other than a grown-up Eton boy who plays for his own diversion. Nobody else can play *Dr. Pangloss* as he plays it, nor *Bob Acres*, nor *Touchstone*. It is almost a desecration to see him descending to *Friend Waggle* and *Delph* in "Family Jars"; and it is no secret that it was his sense of dissatisfaction at being called upon to play in and out the houses at the Haymarket, which led to the disintegration of that excellent company which, as long as English comedy keeps its own, will be held in loving and admiring memory. Yet even now he plays these parts evidently with a relish, and nothing perhaps can be more amusing than his stolidity, his pugnacity, his confused bewilderment, when the occasion suits, as a farceur. It should be said for the resident company that it has acquitted itself well this week under somewhat trying circumstances, and is gradually building up a reputation.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Articles intended for insertion must be addressed to the Editor of the City Jackdaw, Market Street Chambers, Manchester, and must bear the name and address of the contributor. We cannot be responsible for the preservation or return of MSS. sent to us. What's in a Name? (W. H.)—Just so; the voice of the ass is identical with that of the donkey. An Ilconsidered Proposal.—The proposal that we should publish what you send is more sense finds a way.—Nonsense also finds its way—into the waste-paper department. The Province of Journalism.—The most important province of editors is the exclusion of contributions from the columns of journals, so that your remarks will not appear in the nature of things. RECEIVED TOO LATE FOR CLASSIFICATION.—"Blunderbuss;" "A Railway Grimsby;" "Sunday at Northenden;" "The Procession;" "W. M. F."

SALE of a Bankrupt Manufacturer's STOCK of Ladies and Gents' DRESSING CASES, Purse, Pocket Books, Card Cases, Wallets, Letter Cases, Writing Desks, in mahogany, oak, and mahogany, at half the maker's cost, for ten days only, at BOHANNA'S, Stationers, 98, Market Street.

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where he is prepared to supply the Public with Fruit, Flowers, and Vegetables,
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VIII.

THE CITY JACKDAW.

[JUNE 9, 1876.]

NOTE THE ADDRESS 131, MARKET STR.

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